

"I want you to pray earnestly for the text I tried to bring out yesterday. That has gone into all the morning papers. Just the text, no matter about the sermon. 'Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap.' There will be millions of people see that text to-day. I don't believe you New York people know anything about the power of the New York press. It goes into every town and hamlet in the country. It would be a good thing for you to buy the papers and send them out. Let us keep to work. Let us not stop now. May God bless the texts that go out through the New York papers."—DWIGHT L. MOODY.

A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF MOODY.

Winifred Black Tells of the Evangelist's Great Power.

Religious Meetings at Cooper Union Leading to a Revival Wave.

Thousands from Every Walk in Life Gather at the Hall Long Before the Opening Hours.

Plenty of Practical Talk from the Preacher, Who Spares No Sin Nor Any Sinner.

"OLD-FASHIONED RELIGION IS WANTED."

Something About the Kinds of Persons Who Listen to His Words, and How They Appeal to Nearly Every One of Them.

NEW YORK seems to be aching for a revival. From all the signs of the times she seems like to get it. Moody and Sankey can't get a hall big enough to hold the people who are crowding to hear them. A few weeks ago a well-known theosophist who was speaking in the West gave a good deal of attention to Colonel Ingersoll.

"Colonel Ingersoll," said the theosophist, "is all right in his line, but he's fighting a windmill. Nobody cares anything about the plan of salvation nowadays."

If that theosophist could have seen Cooper Union Hall yesterday, he would have changed his mind.

The morning service began at 10 o'clock. At 9 o'clock there wasn't a seat left in the house. The afternoon meeting began at half-past 2. At half-past 1 there wasn't standing room in the aisles.

At 10 o'clock in the morning and brought luncheon, and waited in the darkened hall from half-past 11 until half-past 2. Men and women stood in line on the street waiting for the doors to open, and the policeman at the gate was tired out with the crowd before half the day was gone.

All the Audience Sang.
The morning service began with prayer and singing. The whole audience sang. The songs were the rousing, marching tunes out of the regular Moody and Sankey hymnal.

Mr. Sankey sang a hymn alone. It was a simple, old-fashioned thing, with a refrain about the "Homeland." Mr. Sankey recites his songs, rather than sings them. He accompanies himself on a little, old-fashioned parlor organ.

Then Mr. Moody spoke. He is a big, rosy, grizzled man, with a pair of shrewd, deep-set, humorous eyes, and a kindly voice. He talks plain English, about plain things. Sometimes he says "done," when he should say "did," and he is just a little shaky about double negatives. He talks to his audience about the practical things of life. He tells them about their loves and their hates, and their foolish little laudable ambitions, and he makes them smile one minute and sigh the next. He closes it all with a friendly simplicity, which has, somehow, a wonderful, instructive good taste about it.

He talks to the mothers about their boys at school, and the little, harmless vanities of medals and promotions. He talks to the workmen about the jobs they didn't take, and to the employer about the man he discharged. He seems to do all those things, not from any trick, but because he is really interested in them, and can't help showing it.

There was a good deal of gentle, unobtrusive weeping, but there were no hysterics. There was a good deal of common sense, practical talk, and there was always at the end of this an appeal for a better life and for what Mr. Moody believes to be the only way to attain that life.

After the sermon there was more singing. **Jolly Fun for Thanksgiving!** The new game, "Pillow-Bet," is exciting, up-to-date fun for all ages. Sold by toy stores, 25 and 50 cts.—Adv.



Evangelist Moody Prophesying a Revival Wave.

ing and then prayer. Then Mr. Moody asked all those who were interested to stay to a special ten minutes of prayer, and he urged his hearers to speak to each other, and to be sure that some troubled soul did not cry out to them for help, in vain.

As if Magnetized.
The great roomful of people sat as if magnetized. When the special ten minutes came, there was time given for any one to go out who did not wish to stay. Just six persons went out.

The audience was much such a collection of people as one sees in a liberal country church. The great majority of the people were well dressed. A few were evidently poor, and there were perhaps a dozen who wore the stamp of the vagabond.

For every three women there was one man. The women were of all ages, from sixteen to sixty, and the men ranged from twenty-five to sixty. They were just such men as you see in the street cars going to business every day. They were evidently in dead and serious earnest. They did not come to the meeting as spectators; they were a part of it.

There was something pathetic in the faces of the women. They listened to the homely words of encouragement and cheer which Mr. Moody spoke as people listen to good news from home, eagerly, and with ready acquiescence.

In the row of chairs nearest to the platform sat a woman with a gentle, motherly face. She wore a widow's cap. Next to her was an old, old man, toothless and sunk deep in the apathy of age. Next to him came a young man, a shabby young man, with a well-brushed coat. He had a smooth, eager face in his bright eyes that was almost painful in its intensity. Next to him came a buxom, well-dressed woman with two pretty young girls. The young girls cried a good deal, and the buxom woman watched their furtive tears with an expression of great satisfaction.

Next to the two pretty girls sat a man with long hair, and a fur collar on his coat. Next to him sat a woman with a worn, tired, discouraged face, and next to her was a lad in his teens. An honest faced lad and one with a look of ability, yet, somehow, as plainly a lad in some kind of trouble as if he had worn a sign, telling what the trouble was.

"Amen" to Every Sentence.
The old man and the man with the fur collar cried "Amen!" to every sentence which Mr. Moody uttered. The old man's voice quivered in a sharp treble, like the snap of a stretched fiddle string. The fur-collar man's voice boomed out like a bass drum. No one looked at them.

Mr. Moody preached about the churches and the duty of church members. He said that churches have grown too cold and too fashionable. "Mission churches," he said, "I hate that name. If one church is a mission church so is another. The poor don't need 'missions' any more than the rich. Rich and poor should be alike in the house of God."

"Amen!" said the young man with the large eyes. "We must take a lesson from the Catholics in that," said the preacher. "Oh, I know some church people don't like to hear me speak a good word for the Catholics. Never mind. Learn where you can, I say. When we Protestants get straightened out ourselves, then it's time enough for us to straighten out the Catholics."

"Amen to that," cried a woman with burning red cheeks, "Amen to that." Then Mr. Moody went on with his sermon. He preached to church members. He called them cold and selfish, and shrewd in many things. He said there would be no sinners to revive if church members did their duty. He said that half the ministers in the country preached such deep sermons that no one ever found the bottom of them.

"You don't want to learn chemistry in church," he said. "You better not, astronomer. You want the word of God."

He pleaded with his hearers for more faith and more love and more humility and more human kindness.

One Eulogy That Would Live.
He said that there was just one eulogy which would live forever. A eulogy which was a better monument than any shaft of gold:

"She hath done what she could." He urged his hearers to do what they could, willingly and faithfully. He begged them to remember what a delectable thing earthly glory was. He said that a few days ago, every one was cheering for McKinley. In a few years his very name almost would be forgotten. He told of the men who had ruled and who had led the world, and then he called upon his hearers to witness how little their power availed them.

I went out into the hall among the people who waited. They looked at me with a sort of dumb friendliness. I spoke to some of them, and asked them if they had been there before.

Six or seven said yes. Five or six said no. They all said they were coming again.

Walks Ten Miles to Come.
One woman told me that she would come every day, if she had to walk ten miles.

"Why?" I said.
She stared at me.
"Why?" I said again.
"I guess you ain't never been lonesome, have you?" she said.

"New York is a lonesome place," said a peaked-faced little woman, suddenly speaking up from under a worn cape.

"Even when you know people, it's lonesome. There's so many you don't know,

and there's so much trouble, and so many poor folks."

"Poor folks can get religion just as easy as rich ones," said a man with a lean and determined visage.

"Yes," said the little woman in the cape. "That's what Mr. Moody says."

Three different women asked me if I had found peace. They each asked it in such a kindly way that it was impossible to take offence.

"Mamma," said a little girl, tugging at her mother's coat; "mamma, am I sanctified?"

The woman stooped and lifted the little girl in her arms.

"I hope so," she said. "I hope so, darling." Her face was full of anxious solicitude.

"If we had the grace," said a tall man in a short overcoat to a short man in a long

out to be a "mourner" and find "the old-time religion" good enough for her?

Wave of Revivals.
One thing must here be pointed out. A wave of revival is coming.

"What we want to-day," said Evangelist Moody, "is the spirit of prayer that God may give us the grace to spread the work through the length and breadth of the land. The work will grow. It will sweep from Maine to California."

Several hundred voices echoed a fervent "Amen."

As if in answer to the prayer, before the meeting closed representatives of the following named churches handed in a list of services to be held at the early dates mentioned:

Woods Memorial Chapel, Avenue A and

MOODY'S HOT SHOT FOR SINNERS.

Some of the Pithy Sentences Which the Noted Evangelist Used in His Sermon.

LET us get the church of God out of the Doubting Castle and then something will be done.

A great many people labor under the delusion that they are not to know in this world whether they are to be saved or not. You want to give up that idea.

We want to know what we believe, and be ready at all times to defend it.

Where is the glory gone of the business men, the politicians and the scientists of this world? It doesn't last. Four years ago people were shouting themselves hoarse for Cleveland. (Laughter.) It's McKinley now. I don't know who it will be four years hence, when he has no more offices to give.

Don't come to me personally; lead your husband or brothers or sisters to Christ. Do it yourself. It's a great privilege. I've got all that kind of work I can attend to.

Some think that if a person is not converted in a certain way he is not properly converted. I would go across the street to find out whether a man has got religion in a certain way. The point is, has he got it? If he has, that is enough.

God's greatest sermons were preached to one or two. The greatest sermon was preached to one man.

How few there are willing to go down the lanes and alleys and talk to one person or one family and bring them to Jesus Christ. That is the kind of work we have got to do.

What we want to do is to get down to personal work. What may be good spiritual advice for one may be very poor advice for another.

I don't believe a man is fit for God's service if he is in doubt about his own salvation.

If you find a man or a woman who is troubled about their sin, don't tell them your own experience, or they will look for experience of the same kind. Take them straight to the Word of God.

It is a great calamity that any man or woman should attend to church for ten or twenty years and then be unable to tell some one the way of life.

Every church that has not the love of God in it ought to be swept off the face of the earth.

I don't believe there is a man or woman on earth can be filled with the spirit without search.

I don't believe a man can work efficiently in our rescue missions, in our Bible classes and in our pulpits that don't come in personal contact with men and women that are troubled about their souls; to know what their difficulties are. The soul has its difficulties as well as the body.

I don't believe there is a man or woman on the face of the earth that is in difficulty, spiritual difficulty, but what there is some promise in that Book that will help him out.

I don't know of any better work than the leading of others to a better life.

The Bible is a great medicine book. Find a person in spiritual difficulty and take them to it.

Christ's preaching produced inquiries. I wouldn't give a snap for preaching that doesn't produce inquiries. A man said he liked to go to a certain church because they didn't preach religion or politics.

Those who are after worldly honor are not fit for God's service.

If a preacher makes the Word plain, thank God that you have got such a preacher. I've heard of those that used too big words. We want the A, B, C of the Gospel. I have heard many a sermon, and it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to tell what the man was talking about.

If the minister doesn't touch a man's conscience, what good is he for, what is he preaching for? His business is to thunder against unrighteousness.

If you are going to be really wise you are going to live for another world, and not this.

overcoat. "If we had the grace we could be sanctified from birth."

"Grace," said the short man, wrinkling up his forehead, "grace is what New York needs."

A good-looking young man walked out past me humming "Oh, Beulah Land."

I went into the street, and I looked at a lamp post to see where I was.

"Fourth avenue," said the lamp post. It was really New York City.

"Come early," said the policeman to me. "Come early to-morrow, or you won't get a seat."

Looked Sad and Miserable.
The people in the train looked careworn and miserable. I caught myself wondering if their faces would light up as that little

widow's did when the hall echoed to the queer little tune of Mr. Sankey's queer little whining, old-fashioned organ.

There was a tune running in my head. It was not Beulah Land, nor was it any of the songs in the Moody and Sankey hymn book. It was an old revival song the colored folks sing down South. It was in this wise:

The old time religion,
The old time religion,
The old time religion,
Is good enough for me,
It's good for the mourner,
It's good for the mourner,
It's good for the mourner,
And it's good enough for me.

Wouldn't it be interesting if it turned out that, in spite of the reforms and reformers, in spite of the isms and the cults and all the "everlasting no-indeeds" of the last few years of "advanced thought," wouldn't it be interesting if New York should turn

The New Game, "Pillow-Bet."

Jolly fun for evening parties! The hit of the year. Sold by toy stores, 25 and 50 cts.—Adv.

Eighty street, Rev. Daniel Redmond, pastor, Monday night; Rev. J. B. Devins, Tuesday night; Rev. D. A. MacMurray, Wednesday night; Rev. D. A. Blackburn, Thursday night; Rev. S. B. Rossiter, D. D., Friday night; Rev. C. Cotton Kimball, D. D., North Baptist Church, West Eleventh near Fourth street, Rev. D. S. Toy will preach. First Reformed Church, Bayonne, Rev. Charles H. Jones, pastor; Rev. Clement Palmer, Friday night. Ravenswood Presbyterian Church, Long Island City, Rev. B. H. P. Miles, pastor; prayer meetings every night next week; the second week the Rev. S. Y. Robinson, of Brooklyn, will assist. Bethel Presbyterian Church, East Orange, Rev. D. O. Irving, pastor; services every evening. Association Hall, corner Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street; Rev. W. J. Erdman, Bible lectures every afternoon this week from 4 to 5 o'clock in connection with the Moody meetings. American Theatre, Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Philadelphia, will give a series of four Sabbath services, beginning next Sunday. Second Collegiate, of Harlem, Rev. William Justin Harsha, D. D., pastor; preparing for services; hall, No. 35 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street; Gospel services Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; church, corner Lenox avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-third street, services Wednesday and Friday nights.

A large number of churches are holding prayer meetings preparatory to holding extended services.

In a union meeting at Bloomfield, N. J., services will begin this evening under Dr. Chapman.

Others gave notice that they would at once prepare to hold services. The meetings at Cooper Union under Mr. Moody will go on every day, except Saturday, at 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

WINIFRED BLACK.

The days of colds and Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup are at hand. Better buy a bottle.—Adv.



SOME OF THE TYPES OF FACES SEEN AT THE MOODY AND SANKEY REVIVAL MEETINGS IN COOPER UNION HALL.